

**A LITTLE
TREASURY
OF
BRITISH
POETRY**

**EDITED BY
OSCAR WILLIAMS**

**THE CHIEF POETS
FROM SIR THOMAS WYATT
TO DYLAN THOMAS**

*A Little Treasury
of
British Poetry*

The Little Treasury Series

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A
Little Treasury
of
British Poetry

THE CHIEF POETS

from 1500 to 1950

Edited with an Introduction by

Oscar Williams



NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1951

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Introduction



I

To offer another anthology of British poetry when there are so many good ones already available might seem presumptuous if the new collection did not present a new point of view or perform a new function. The body of English poetry is so massive and the outlines of its brilliant past have been made so clear by the repeated choice and pruning of countless critics of all periods, that new discoveries or new judgments about it cannot well be made. It is my hope that this anthology will offer the reader a new perspective by showing the natural culmination of the tradition, that is, *modern* British poetry, in its organic relationship with its past.

Anthologies have, for many people, a *cachet* of finality and are often read, especially by the young, in a fashion that raises receptivity to a maximum, so that the general air of the book seems inevitably the only air in which poetry can breathe its life and be read. The power of the great poems presented carries its authority over into the plan of the book itself. Thus, for many of us, the first important anthology which we cherished, which made us drunk with poetry, becomes our unconscious criterion forever. In such a manner, *The Golden Treasury*, *The Oxford Book of English Verse* and *The Faber Book of Modern Verse* have determined, rather than influenced, the taste of whole generations. It is fortunate that only good anthologies have such force, and that, on the whole, the basis of taste so established is solid even if limited in area. But a certain injustice is worked by the very authority which exists only because it is justified. This injustice has, in the main, been suffered by contemporary poetry, for obvious reasons,

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such as the difficulty of anticipating the verdicts of time, the great number of contemporary poems that would need to be read by the editor and the fact that they are hard to find whether in manuscript or printed in obscure periodicals and unrecognized books, etc.

The Golden Treasury barred from its pages all contemporary poetry as well as the kinds of poetry that another taste than its editor's would certainly have included. *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, in its attempt to correct this error, made so half-hearted a gesture of welcome to 'modern' poetry that a naive reader of its pages could get only an impression of the feebleness, in quantitative productiveness at least, of his own time, in contrast to the robust fecundity of the past. The editors of other general anthologies (including the many good ones of the last decade) also seem to have been dazzled into a kind of paralysis by the glory of the past so that, if they do include modern pieces at all, they include so few, stop at so early a date and give so little space to contemporary work that the unalerted reader receives an impression that modern poetry is virtually non-existent, or if it exists, almost unworthy of attention. *The Faber Book of Modern Verse* created an active audience for living poets throughout the English-speaking world and cannot be praised too highly for this feat. But there has been no previous collection of which I am aware that has attempted to show, by giving contemporary verse the emphasis it should have for a modern reader, its relation to the work of the past. And just how strong should that emphasis be?

I have arbitrarily answered this question by devoting approximately two-fifths of the pages herein to the verse of the past fifty years and the remaining three-fifths to the verse of previous periods. If the sole function of an anthology were to make long-range historical comparative judgments, this ratio might well seem grotesque and

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biased. But there is no reason why an anthology should offer precisely that kind of judgment, as if it were being brought to print two centuries in the future. The future will have its own criteria, and by them determine what is important to it.

This anthology is being published for living readers. We belong to a specific period of time, our own, and this period though not yet fully understood, is fully felt, since in it we live and bear the shocks of pain or pleasure peculiar to it, and even bear them after emotional styles also peculiar to ourselves and our time, and to no other. The only poets who understand us, who articulate for us, are the poets who live beside us in our own historical situation. To us, once the needs of education have been fulfilled, they should be as important as, if not more important than, the poets of the past. To appreciate Dylan Thomas it is not necessary either to deny the pre-eminence of Shakespeare or to forgo the pleasure of reading him. But to Shakespeare our reading is of no importance, to the living poet and to the continuance of the great tradition it is of vital importance that there should be a sensitive and aware audience. Only by appreciation of contemporary verse can the audience participate in maintaining the values of poetry, especially at a period when the general public has lost almost all respect for learning and the arts.

Hence, by devoting approximately two-fifths of this book to modern verse I am making a judgment on *function*, rather than a judgment on comparative quality. To do the latter would be as impossible as absurd, since only succeeding generations can decide what shall or shall not live through and beyond their time. It may well be that many poems here included will later be dropped from the record of English literature and that the great figures of the past will loom even larger over our chief poets of today than we guess. But if we do not exercise

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our privileges as an audience for the poets of today. there will be no poets except the poets of the past in *that* future.

II

I have begun the first section of this collection, devoted to the poetry of the past, with the period at which the language shows itself to have definitely changed into what we can recognize as modern English and read without major translation or extensive glossaries. It was the time when Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, first used the iambic pentameter of blank verse, that fundamental of great English poetry, in his translation of *The Æneid*, the time when the spirit of the Renaissance had finally superseded the attitudes of the Middle Ages. Sir Thomas Wyatt and those in correspondence with him brought the influences of Italy to English verse and it is with their efforts that it may be said that the English tongue became a perfectly expressive medium for the greatness of English poetry. One of the chief figures of the sixteenth century was Edmund Spenser, who utilized all of the devices and insights of Europe to create his yet characteristically and magically English verse. Then there followed closely the massive work of Shakespeare, and English became the richest of all poetic media.

This first section runs to 506 pages and covers the period from 1500 to 1900, obviously too restricted a space to contain the full glory of English poetry over those productive four centuries. Much of that glory is made by poets who, while not names of the greatest magnitude, yet have certainly contributed greatness to the tradition. Such poets are represented by one or two poems. But most of the space is devoted to the chief poets; all translations, except for the above mentioned *Æneid* by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and *The Rubáiyát* by Edward FitzGerald, are omitted; and a number of long

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poems are included in full, together with poems and passages from plays, as well as ballads and lyrics, in order to make this selection representative.

III

The second section of the anthology is devoted to modern poetry, beginning with 1900, and contains 350 pages. Here, too, I have placed emphasis upon the chief poets and included many long poems in full, such as 'The Tower' and 'Meditations in Time of Civil War' by W. B. Yeats, 'Fragment of an Agon' and 'The Dry Salvages' by T. S. Eliot, 'Spain' and 'In Memory of Sigmund Freud' by W. H. Auden, 'In Country Sleep' and 'A Winter's Tale' by Dylan Thomas, etc.

A comparative examination of particular poems in both sections of the anthology will, I think, be useful to the reader, and, to those readers who have taken for granted the too-often quoted, and believed, notion that modern poetry is obscure, this inspection should be revealing. The most conspicuous fact about modern poetry, and therefore, perhaps, the most over-looked, is the similarity which it bears to the poetry of past centuries. For the poetry of the Twentieth century, and particularly of the last twenty years, has many more resemblances to the poetry of the past than it has differences. If modern poetry is obscure, it is obscure only to those to whom all good poetry of any period is obscure. A comparison of the following passages will show as many subtle and 'difficult' depths in the poems of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries as in those of the Twentieth:

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned.

—W. B. Yeats

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Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but oh, to no end.

—*John Donne*

Truly, my Satan, thou art but a dunce,
And dost not know the garment from the man;
Every harlot was a virgin once,
Nor can'st thou ever change Kate into Nan.

Tho' thou art worshippèd by the names divine
Of Jesus and Jehovah, thou art still
The son of morn in weary night's decline,
The lost traveller's dream under the hill.

—*William Blake*

Sir, no man's enemy, forgiving all
But will his negative inversion, be prodigal;
Send to us power and light, a sovereign touch
Curing the intolerable neural itch,
The exhaustion of weaning, the liar's quinsy,
And the distortions of ingrown virginity.

—*W. H. Auden*

T. S. Eliot's work is often considered too difficult because it is loaded with classical and scholarly quotations and references. But surely the same accusation can be made against Milton, for who, without a knowledge of classical mythology, Christian theology, and the English literature that preceded him, could understand him at all? Dylan Thomas is perhaps more often considered obscure and difficult than other contemporary poets. But when we compare a passage from, for example, 'In Memory of Ann Jones':

But I, Ann's bard on a raised hearth, call all
The seas to service that her wood-tongued virtue
Babble like a bellbuoy over the hymning heads,
Bow down the walls of the ferned and foxy woods,

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That her love sing and swing through a brown chapel,
Bless her bent spirit with four, crossing birds.
Her flesh was meek as milk, but this skyward statue
With the wild breast and blessed and giant skull
Is carved from her in a room with a wet window
In a fiercely mourning house in a crooked year.

with a passage from 'The Phoenix and the Turtle':

Let the bird of loudest lay
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul procurer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

can it be rightly said that the language is less complex or the meaning more easily understood in Shakespeare than in Thomas? Poems do not live because their content is confined to easy language and one simple surface meaning; nor are contemporary critics so incompetent or naive as to be taken in by a hocus pocus without meaning. Not only is our time richly endowed with good poetry, it has perhaps better critics than any preceding period.

Some fundamental education is certainly required for the satisfactory reading of *any* good poetry, and it is rather evidence of its quality than of any failure that modern poetry requires that the reader bring some knowledge and sensibility to his reading of it. To people who could neither read nor write, all poetry would reach the ultimate of obscurity; for to them words would appear as no more than mysterious marks upon the paper. I believe that it is the education of the person who finds modern poetry obscure which is suspect, not the poetry itself. Poetry is, after all, literature, and to demand that it be easily understood by the half-edu-

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cated, or the uneducated, is equivalent to asking it to be an art of the illiterate. Illiterature will flourish without help; the lovers of poetry will continue to want to keep it literature.

Contemporary poetry resembles the poetry that has preceded it not only in presenting those 'difficulties' essential to express the profound and ambiguous quality which is one of the values of poetry, but in its technical structures as well. Modern poets make use of the whole category of craft devices and have extended the range of poetry in form, in phonetics, in rhythms, etc. They are influenced more consciously and knowingly than were their forebears, and influenced by predecessors from all periods of the past. Largely because of extraordinary developments in criticism, they are aware of their whole tradition with a kind of immediacy; there is no telling by whom or by what period a young poet of today may be instructed. Formerly, period succeeded period with a sort of natural and indigenous progression. It is scarcely possible to imagine Pope spending a stimulating evening reading Donne, Beowulf and translations from the Chinese. Yet we can think of doing that ourselves with no incongruity. No poet of the past, even of the recent past, is in total disrepute; a number of poets are back in favour. This is a development that might have been anticipated; as the world has been narrowed by modern transportation, interlocking interests and wars, local cultural restrictions have been loosened and all areas of reading have been opened by travel and translation. While there may be dangers in this catholic reading there is always the advantage that the modern poet must set himself a high standard, since he knows just how far and high poetry has already reached.

But no matter how many the resemblances of modern poetry to the poetry of former times, its differences are noticeable and various enough to make the literature of

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the Twentieth century distinctive. To make any generalization about a period of fifty years, especially the first fifty years of this century, might, at first view, seem impossible, since these daring decades have included talents as various as Yeats, Eliot, Graves, Auden, Thomas and Barker. Perhaps never before have the 'generations' of poets arisen so close upon each other's flourishing. Group after group has appeared to change or overthrow the standards of the preceding few years. Hardy, Yeats, Eliot and Graves, the influence of Hopkins, the popularity of Auden and his group, the rise of George Barker and Dylan Thomas, all the 'schools' which followed each other in rapid succession, the Georgian, the Imagist, the pinkish Marxian and the palely loitering metaphysical, etc., each creating a minor revolution, make it seem impossible to find any general classification for all.

Yet, probably because the same social upheaval has been going on throughout the period, there are traits held in common by the poets of this century, diverse as their qualities, styles and perceptions may be.

It is safe to say that the poetry of today has an intense verbal richness; the poets have extended their vocabularies to include whatever common speech or idiom, scholarly or technical terminology they have a use for; poetry is no longer written in the speech of 'an English gentleman,' pastoral language or 'poetic' lingo. A kind of telescoping of language is a frequent device which permits a dense texture of images, words and meaning. This splendour and freedom of vocabulary is to be found in the work of the majority of living poets and perhaps reaches its height in that of Dylan Thomas. That a reaction from this verbal loading will eventually take place is probable, but meantime it is a characteristic of our period which we should enjoy here and now. And as the poets handle words, so they also use a great variety

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of insights gained from the extension of experience into the many fields of adventure which are common to Twentieth-century man in the midst of his travels, wars, economic pressures, threats and social upheavals, with new understandings of myth and depth psychology for compass and sounding lead.

But the one characteristic that can be definitely distinguished as a development common to the whole Twentieth century may be defined as a change of *personal attitude*. This change exhibits itself as a shift from the poet's individual personality as the centre of observation or feeling to a circle that includes the observation and feelings of other human beings of his generation, or locale in time. It can be observed in the work of poets whose point of view is classical as well as in the work of poets who are thoroughly romantic. What is here meant is not the 'socialistic' statement to be found in verse that has been written, especially in the 'thirties, with the object of furthering a political idea, but a genuine organic social feeling that causes the poet to be as intimately involved in concern for others as for himself. Poets, of course, have always expressed a concern for mankind, but in past centuries that concern was likely to be over the universal fate of men, such as the inevitability of death, the shortness of youth, the imminence, in other words, of mortality. Lyric poets sang of their own subjective feelings; the philosophy expressed in poems such as Gray's 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' was the poet's own rumination centred around his own convictions. When a poet used the plural 'we' rather than 'I' he meant himself and his beloved, or his friend, or his immediate class-kind. His attitude was definitely his personal one.

But now, when the poet says 'we,' and also, in spite of himself, as it were, when he says 'I,' he is not only speaking of himself and his immediate companions in

INTRODUCTION

the situation, but of other individuals of his time, not in the sense of 'mankind' but truly as individuals. Further, he is not expressing his own subjective feelings alone, but, by a new kind of osmosis, he actually feels, with the intimate involvement of an emotion exactly as personal as his own, to some extent *as* others feel, from *their* situation as well as from his own.

I think that this change of attitude can be marked as beginning in Victorian times with Matthew Arnold's 'Dover Beach.' On the surface the 'we' of the poem is 'my beloved and I,' yet the feeling of the actual 'we' is that of all people caught in the dilemma of the time. And yet it is not as 'mankind,' always something apart from the poet, that Arnold feels for others. The tone of the poem shows that others are realized as individuals. This identical concern continues in Hardy, and it is to be found in all the poets who follow, if they are noteworthy at all. (Wilfred Owen's true-to-type preoccupation with the suffering of the soldiers around him has made him the leading war poet of a war century.) The Imagists, it may be said here, did not develop this attitude, and although they caused some ferment in their hour, we scarcely think of them today as important. The socially human concern of Yeats and Eliot is too well-known to need comment. It is of especial interest to trace this attitude through the fluctuations of the various styles and influences of each decade of the century and to note that the poets who most strongly manifest it are those who seem to us most important. Poets as different as W. H. Auden and George Barker yet have this common trait. Such poems as 'Soldiers Bathing' by F. T. Prince (page 800), or 'Winter Offering' by D. S. Savage (page 852), or almost any other which affects us as both good and contemporaneous show the poet's modern sensitivity to the subjective world of others as certainly as to his own. When this attitude is expressed in language drawn from

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the immediate environment, as in such poems as 'Naming of Parts' by Henry Reed (page 846) and 'On the Refusal to Mourn the Death of a Child, by Fire, in London' by Thomas (page 815), we receive an immediate awareness of our own time which in itself should intensify our experience of reading poetry since it gives us participation in particulars as well as in the universals common to the poetry of all periods.

This attitude is a gain, I think, since it tends to mitigate the fault of romantic poetry, which is really that of narrowness of perception. Instead of uttering from one mouth, the modern romantic poet, while thoroughly involved with his own personality, has, whether in spite of himself or not, a double voice that gives him some of the quality of the classical tone.

Out of the approximately 250 poems to be found in the modern section* of this collection, even the most exacting reader will find, I am sure, many that will seem to him worthy to carry on the great tradition of English poetry, poems that have the inevitable ring of permanence, the magic of immortality.

—OSCAR WILLIAMS

New York City,
July 5, 1951.

* See Editorial Note on page 508.

II
A
*Little Treasury
of
Modern British Poetry*

*The Chief Poets
from 1900 to 1950*

Editorial Note

This collection of British poetry is intended primarily for the American reader as a companion volume to *A Little Treasury of American Poetry*. Both volumes have been arranged on a chronological plan, i.e., according to the birth dates of the poets. T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden have work included in each volume but the selections are different and complementary. For instance, any reader who notes that 'The Waste Land' and 'Ash Wednesday' by Eliot and 'September 1, 1939' and 'At the Grave of Henry James' by Auden are not included in this volume will find them in the American collection.

There is no separate section in the present volume entitled *The Poetry of the Forties* as there is in the American Little Treasury, but readers interested in comparing British poetry of the Forties with American poetry of the Forties will find poems written during this decade starred in the Index of Authors & Titles (pages 859 to 874). Used together *A Little Treasury of British Poetry* and *A Little Treasury of American Poetry* constitute one comprehensive anthology of poetry in the English tongue.

DYLAN THOMAS

And the countrymen of heaven crouch all together under the hedges, and, among themselves, in the tear-salt darkness, surmise which world, which star, which of their late, turning homes in the skies has gone for ever. And this time, spreads the heavenly hedgerow rumour, it is the Earth. The Earth has killed itself. It is black, petrified, wizened, poisoned, burst; insanity has blown it rotten, and no creatures at all, joyful, despairing, cruel, kind, dumb, afire, loving, dull, shortly and brutally hunt their days down like enemies on that corrupted face. And, one by one, these heavenly hedgerow men who once were of the Earth, tell one another, through the long night, Light and His tears falling, what they remember, what they sense in the submerged wilderness and on the exposed hairs-breadth of the mind, of that self-killed place. They remember places, fears, loves, exultation, misery, animal joy, ignorance and mysteries, all you and I know and not not know. The poem-to-be is made of these tellings.

And the poem becomes, at last, an affirmation of the beautiful and terrible worth of the earth.

It grows into a praise of what is and what could be on this lump in the skies.

It is a poem about happiness.

I do not, of course, know how this first part of the poem called *In the White Giant's Thigh*, will, eventually, take its place in that lofty, pre-tentious, down-to-earth-into-the-secrets, optimistic, ludicrous, mooney scheme. I do not yet know myself its relevance to the whole, hypothetical structure. But I do know it belongs to it.—D.T.

Henry Reed

THE WALL

THE place where our two gardens meet
Is undivided by a street,
And mingled flower and weed caress
And fill our double wilderness,
Among whose riot undismayed
And unrepurchased, we idly played,
While, unaccompanied by fears,
The months extended into years,
Till we went down one day in June
To pass the usual afternoon
And there discovered, shoulder-tall,
Rise in the wilderness a wall:
The wall which put us out of reach
And into silence split our speech.

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We knew, and we had always known
That some dark, unseen hand of stone
Hovered across our days of ease,
And strummed its tunes upon the breeze.
It had not tried us overmuch,
But here it was, for us to touch.

The wilderness is still as wild,
And separately unreconciled
The tangled thickets play and sprawl
Beneath the shadows of our wall,
And the wall varies with the flowers
And has its seasons and its hours.
Look at its features wintrily
Frozen to transparency;
Through it an icy music swells
And a brittle, brilliant chime of bells:
Would you conjecture that, in Spring,
We lean upon it, talk and sing,
Or climb upon it, and play chess
Upon its summer silentness?
One certain thing alone we know:
Silence or song, it does not go.
A habit now to wake with day
And watch it catch the sun's first ray,
Or terrorised, to scramble through
The depths of night to prove it true.

We need not doubt, for such a wall
Is based in death, and does not fall.

LIVES

You cannot cage a field.
You cannot wire it, as you wire a summer's roses
To sell in towns; you cannot cage it
Or kill it utterly. All you can do is to force
Year after year from the stream to the cold woods
The heavy glitter of wheat, till its body tires

844

HENRY REED

And the yield grows weaker and dies. But the field never
dies,

Though you build on it, burn it black, or domicile

A thousand prisoners upon its empty features.

You cannot kill a field. A field will reach

Right under the streams to touch the limbs of its brothers.

But you can cage the woods.

You can throw up fences, as round a recalcitrant heart

Spring up remonstrances. You can always cage the woods,

Hold them completely. Confine them to hill or valley,

You can alter their face, their shape; uprooting their
outer saplings

You can even alter their wants, and their smallest long-
ings

Press to your own desires. The woods succumb

To the paths made through their life, withdraw the trees,

Betake themselves where you tell them, and acquiesce.

The woods retreat; their protest of leaves whirls

Pitifully to the cooling heavens, like dead or dying
prayers.

But what can you do with a stream?

You can widen it here, or deepen it there, but even

If you alter its course entirely it gives the impression

That this is what it always wanted. Moorhens return

To nest or hide in the reeds which quickly grow up there,

The fishes breed in it, stone settles on to stone.

The stream announces its places where the water will
bubble

Daily and unconcerned, contentedly ruffling and scuffling

With the drifting sky or the leaf. Whatever you do,

A stream has rights, for a stream is always water;

To cross it you have to bridge it; and it will not flow
uphill.

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LESSONS OF THE WAR

*Vixi duellis nuper idoneus
Et militavi non sine gloria*

I. NAMING OF PARTS

TO-DAY we have naming of parts. Yesterday,
We had daily cleaning. And to-morrow morning,
We shall have what to do after firing. But to-day,
To-day we have naming of parts. Japonica
Glistens like coral in all of the neighbouring gardens,
And to-day we have naming of parts.

This is the lower sling swivel. And this
Is the upper sling swivel, whose use you will see,
When you are given your slings. And this is the piling
swivel,

Which in your case you have not got. The branches
Hold in the gardens their silent, eloquent gestures,
Which in our case we have not got.

This is the safety-catch, which is always released
With an easy flick of the thumb. And please do not let me
See anyone using his finger. You can do it quite easy
If you have any strength in your thumb. The blossoms
Are fragile and motionless, never letting anyone see
Any of them using their finger.

And this you can see is the bolt. The purpose of this
Is to open the breech, as you see. We can slide it
Rapidly backwards and forwards: we call this
Easing the spring. And rapidly backwards and forwards
The early bees are assaulting and fumbling the flowers:
They call it easing the Spring.

They call it easing the Spring: it is perfectly easy
If you have any strength in your thumb: like the bolt,
And the breech, and the cocking-piece, and the point of
balance,
Which in our case we have not got; and the almond-
blossom

HENRY REED

Silent in all of the gardens and the bees going back-
wards and forwards,
For to-day we having naming of parts.

II. JUDGING DISTANCES

Not only how far away, but the way that you say it
Is very important. Perhaps you may never get
The knack of judging a distance, but at least you know
How to report on a landscape: the central sector,
The right of arc and that, which we had last Tuesday,
And at least you know

That maps are of time, not place, so far as the army
Happens to be concerned—the reason being,
Is one which need not delay us. Again, you know
There are three kinds of tree, three only, the fir and the
poplar,
And those which have bushy tops too; and lastly
That things only seem to be things.

A barn is not called a barn, to put it more plainly,
Or a field in the distance, where sheep may be safely
grazing.
You must never be over-sure. You must say, when re-
porting:
At five o'clock in the central sector is a dozen
Of what appear to be animals; whatever you do,
Don't call the bleeders *sheep*.

I am sure that's quite clear; and suppose, for the sake of
example,
The one at the end, asleep, endeavours to tell us
What he sees over there to the west, and how far away,
After first having come to attention. There to the west,
On the fields of summer the sun and the shadows bestow
Vestments of purple and gold.

The still white dwellings are like a mirage in the heat,
And under the swaying elms a man and a woman
Lie gently together. Which is, perhaps, only to say

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That there is a row of houses to the left of arc,
And that under some poplars a pair of what appears to
be humans
Appear to be loving.

Well that, for an answer, is what we might rightly call
Moderately satisfactory only, the reason being,
Is that two things have been omitted, and those are
important.

The human beings, now: in what direction are they,
And how far away, would you say? And do not forget
There may be dead ground in between.

There may be dead ground in between; and I may not
have got

The knack of judging a distance; I will only venture
A guess that perhaps between me and the apparent
lovers,

(Who, incidentally, appear by now to have finished,)
At seven o'clock from the houses, is roughly a distance
Of about one year and a half.

III. UNARMED COMBAT

In due course of course you will be issued with
Your proper issue; but until to-morrow,
You can hardly be said to need it; and until that time,
We shall have unarmed combat. I shall teach you.
The various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
Which you may sometimes meet.

And the various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
Do not depend on any sort of weapon,
But only on what I might coin a phrase and call
The ever-important question of human balance,
And the ever-important need to be in a strong
Position at the start.

There are many kinds of weakness about the body,
Where you would least expect, like the ball of the foot.
But the various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
848

HENRY REED

Will always come in useful. And never be frightened
To tackle from behind: it may not be clean to do so,
 But this is global war.

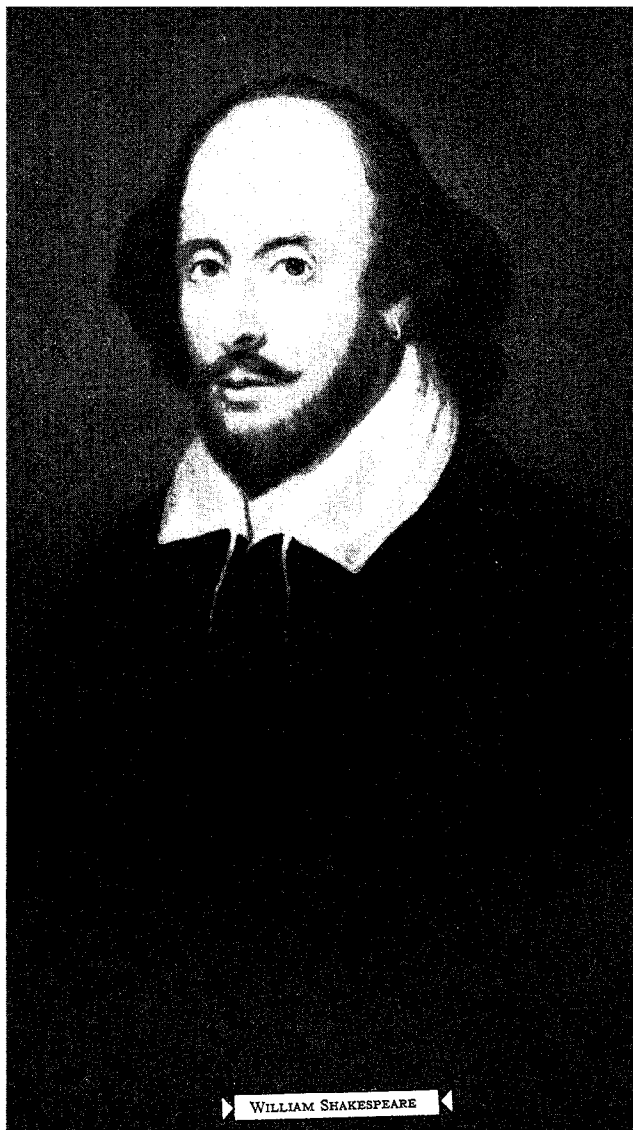
So give them all you have, and always give them
As good as you get; it will always get you somewhere.
(You may not know it, but you can tie a Jerry
Up without rope; it is one of the things I shall teach
 you.)
Nothing will matter if only you are ready for him.
 The readiness is all.

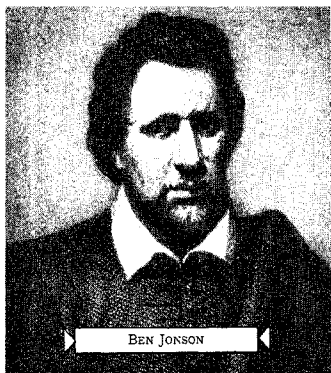
The readiness is all. How can I help but feel
I have been here before? But somehow then,
I was the tied-up one. How to get out
Was always then my problem. And even if I had
A piece of rope I was always the sort of person
 Who threw the rope aside.

And in my time I have given them all I had,
Which was never as good as I got, and it got me no-
 where.
And the various holds and rolls and throws and breakfalls
Somehow or other I always seemed to put
In the wrong place. And as for war, my wars
 Were global from the start.

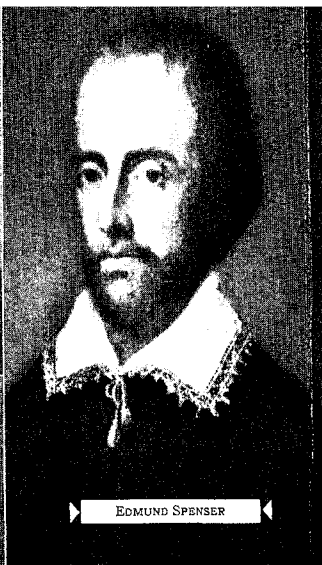
Perhaps I was never in a strong position,
Or the ball of my foot got hurt, or I had some weakness
Where I had least expected. But I think I see your point.
While awaiting a proper issue, we must learn the lesson
Of the ever-important question of human balance.
 It is courage that counts.

Things may be the same again; and we must fight
Not in the hope of winning but rather of keeping
Something alive: so that when we meet our end,
It may be said that we tackled wherever we could,
That battle-fit we lived, and though defeated,
 Not without glory fought.

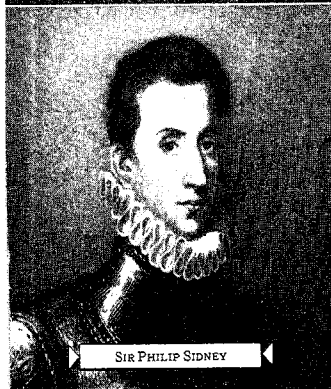




BEN JONSON



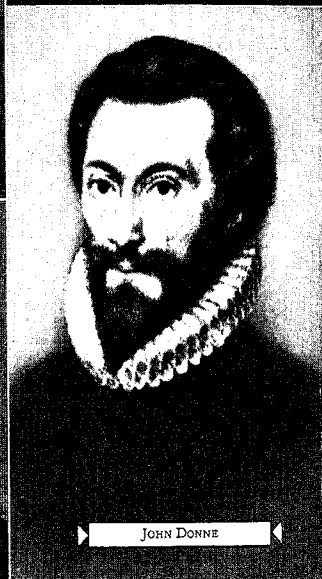
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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY



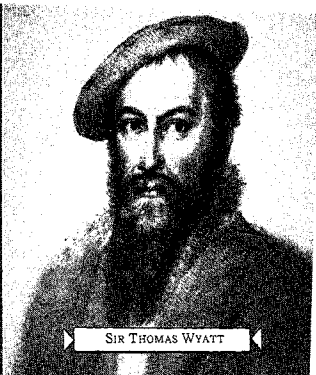
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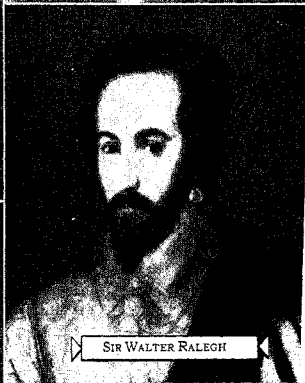
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▶ JOHN MILTON ◀



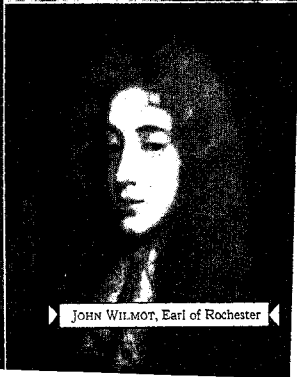
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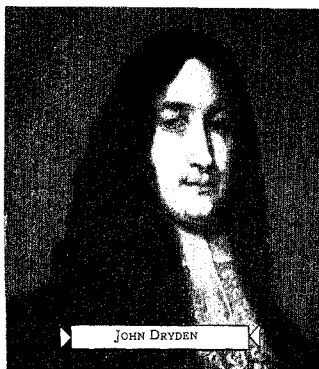
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▶ ANDREW MARVELL ◀



▶ JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester ◀



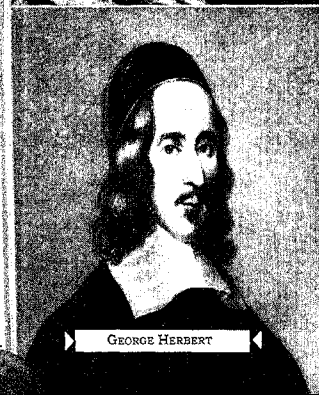
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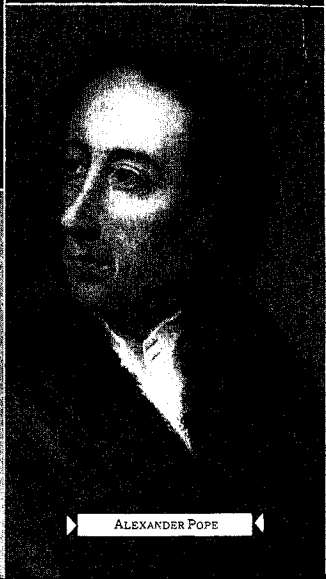
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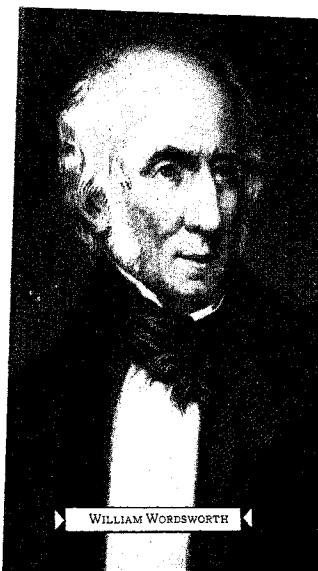
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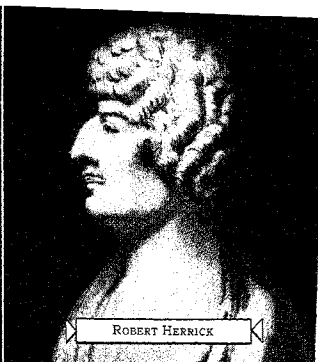
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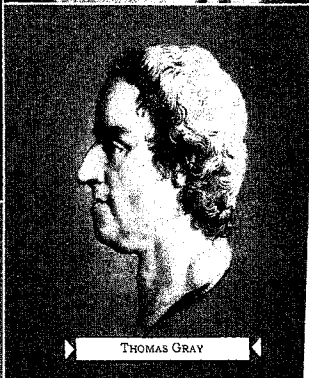
ALEXANDER POPE



▶ WILLIAM WORDSWORTH ◀



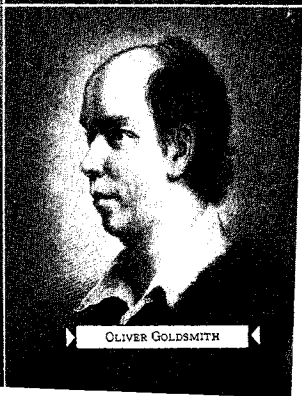
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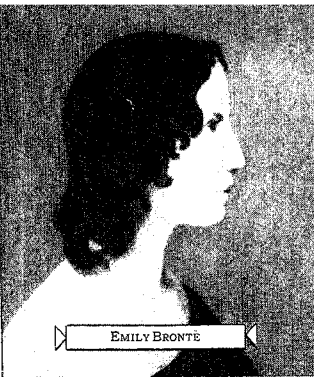
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▶ SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE ◀



▶ OLIVER GOLDSMITH ◀



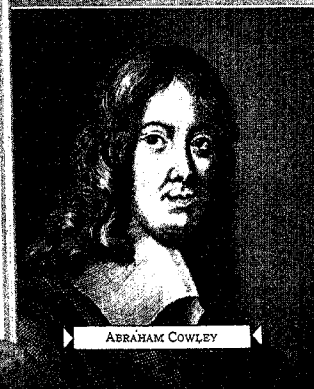
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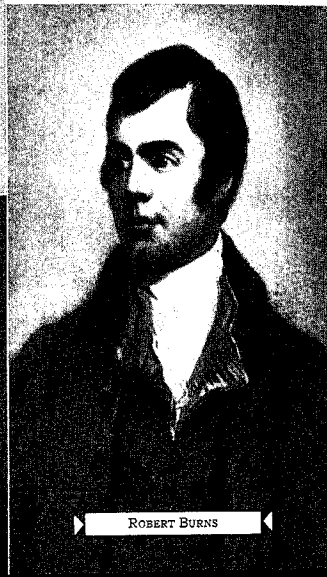
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CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI



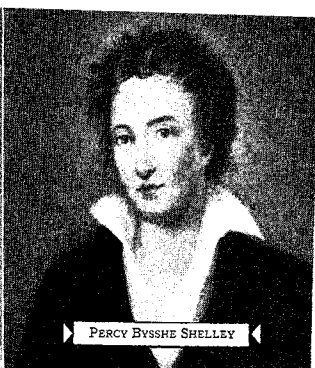
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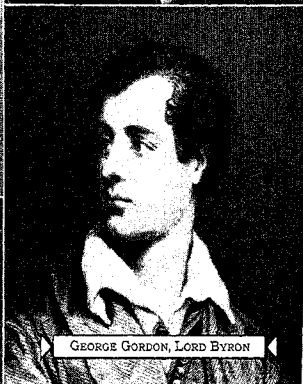
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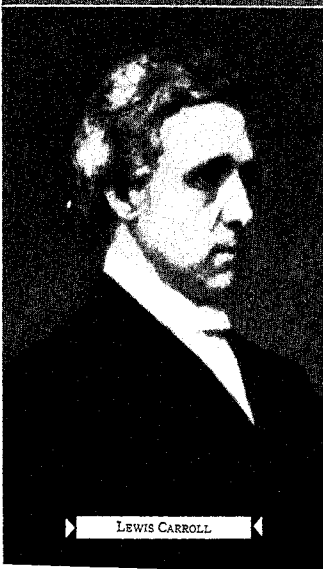
» SIR W. S. GILBERT ◀



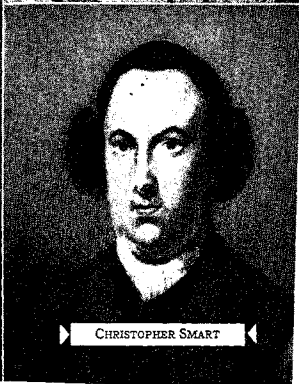
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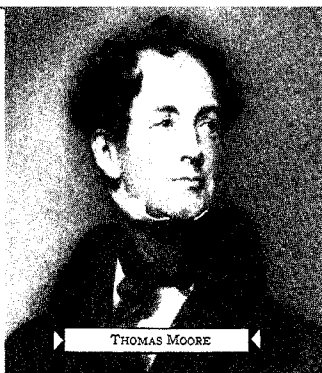
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» LEWIS CARROLL ◀



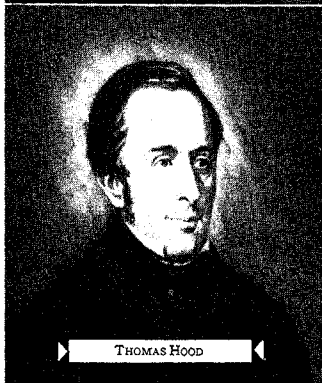
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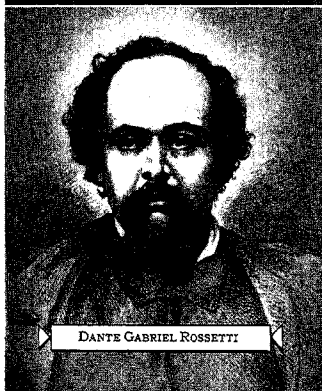
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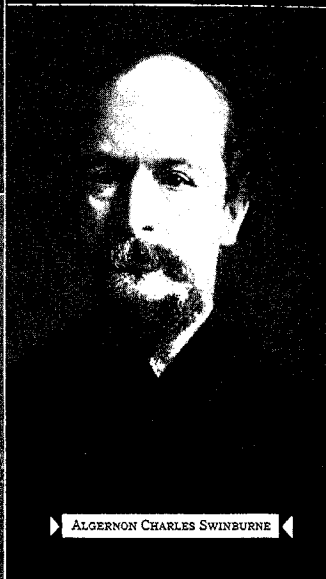
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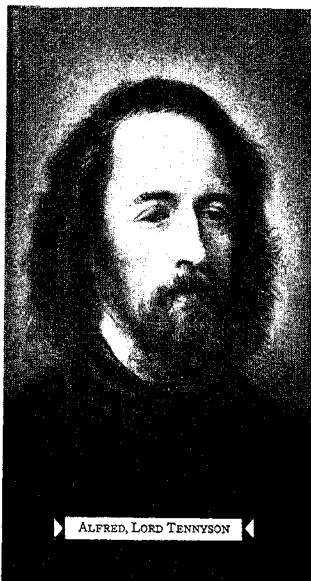
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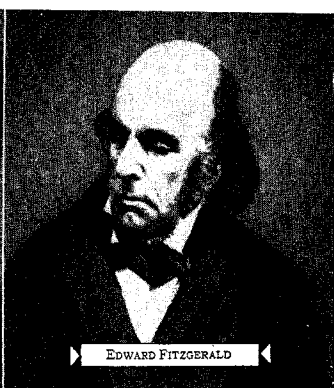
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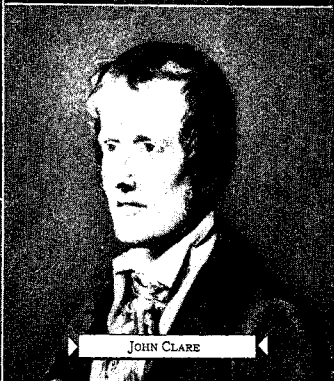
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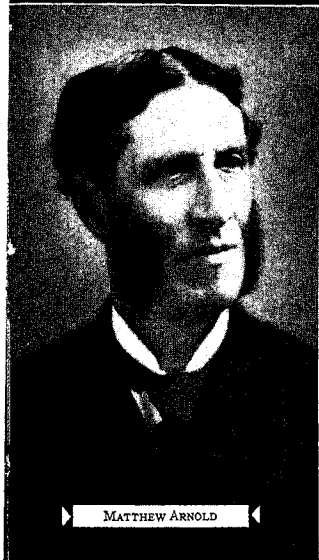
» ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON ◀



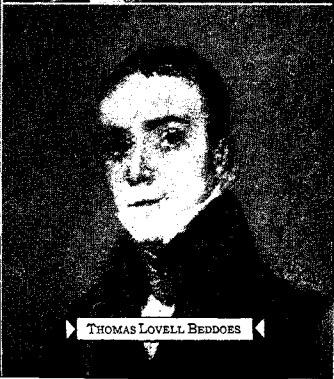
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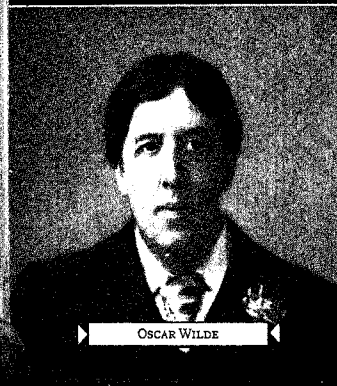
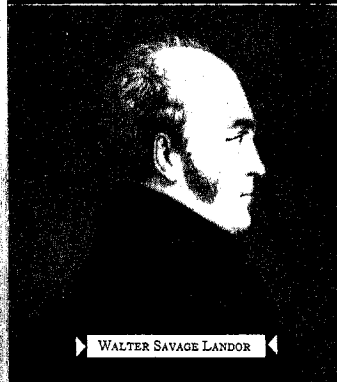
» JOHN CLARE ◀



» MATTHEW ARNOLD ◀

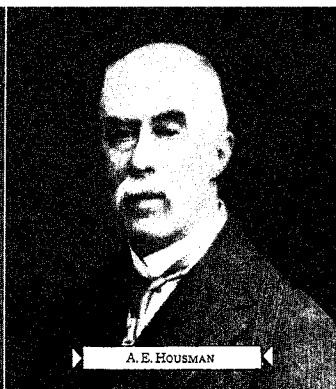


» THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES ◀

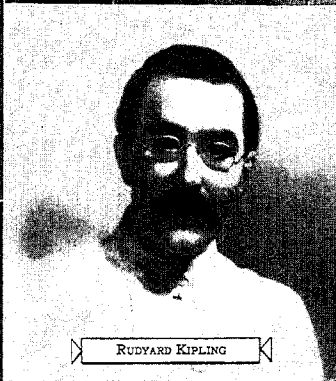




WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS



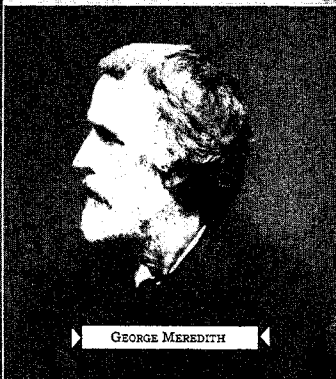
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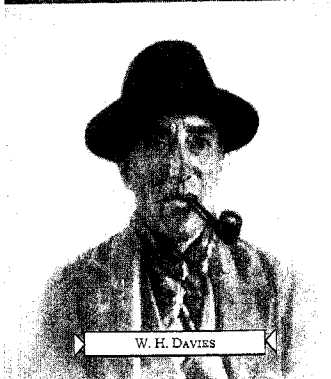
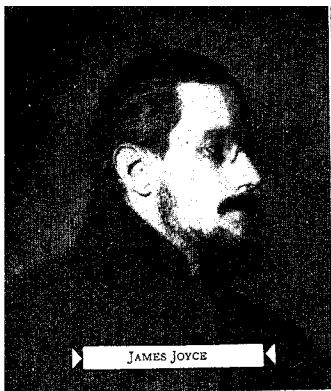
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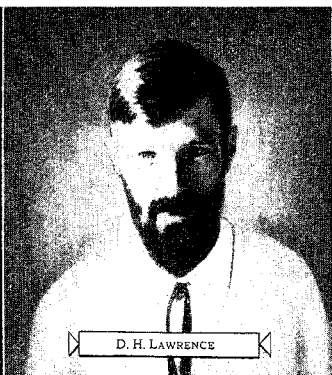


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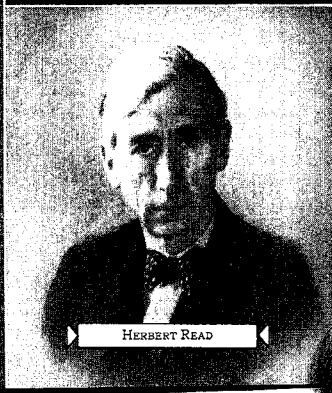
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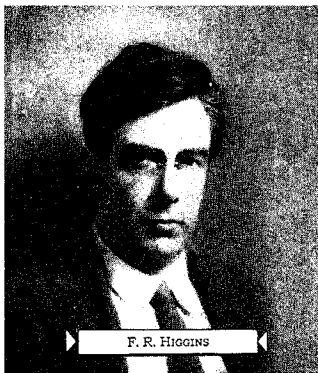
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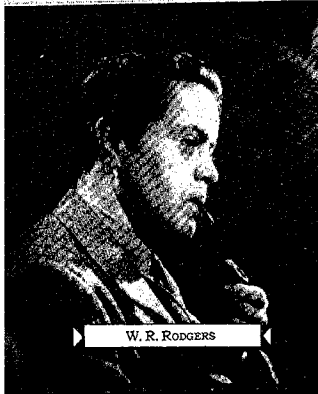
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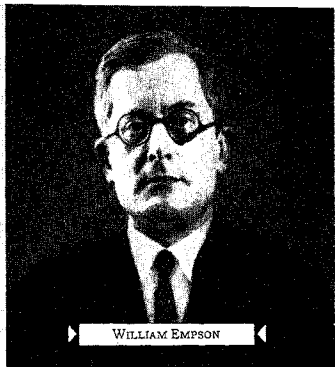
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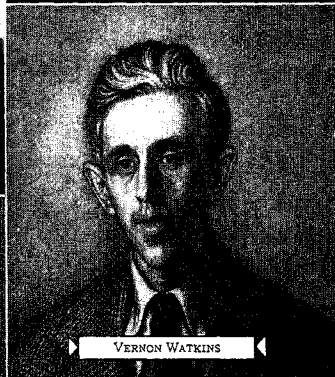
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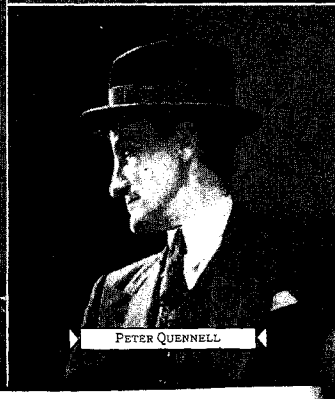
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